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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE TOO FINE.

REFINEMENT is a very good thing to a certain extent, but it ought not to be carried too far. Human nature we know to be a mixture: besides those intellectual and emotional parts which we cultivate and refine upon, it includes certain animal elements adapted for the rude physical circumstances in which it exists, and serving, indeed, as a needful basis for all the other constituents. In our refining processes, we run a risk of carrying this rough and hardy constituent out of its proper relations; thereby injuring it, making it sickly and silly, and so undermining the whole fabric. I say, then, we should not refine too much.

Let us take a grave analytic view of that pleasant creature of the civilised world—a *lady*. She lives chiefly in a well-furnished house. When she goes abroad, it is in a carriage. She walks little, she has no sort of work that gives exercise to the muscles; the winds of heaven are never allowed to visit her face too roughly. She is consequently a white, soft, slim creature, strikingly different from an average peasant-woman, or a domestic female servant. This elegant being, moreover, insists upon imposing various restraints and obstructions upon her person, with a view to reducing it to a certain ideal which has been conventionally approved of; thus sacrificing to an arbitrary principle of refinement, the healthy play of certain organs essential to the general wellbeing of the system. The consequence is, that she is unsuited for some of the most important functions imposed on her by destiny, breaks down under them, is perhaps cut short in her career, but more probably undergoes a life-long penance of what is called delicate health, useless for any good end in life, and a source of trouble and vexation to all connected with her. I trace all this—and every physiologist will bear me out in the conclusion—to over-refinement upon the material part of our nature. A thing formed roughly to bear a part in a rough process has been taken out of its element, and kept there till its constitutional force was lost. It sinks, of course, under the first shock it encounters. One must pity the unfortunate creature, as she is in a great measure the victim of ignorance and a false system; but I often feel how much condolence is also due to those relatives who have the interesting invalid to take care of, and how much better it would be for herself and others if she had kept nearer the appointed level of human nature, and so escaped a well-known class of evils.

When that sweetly engaging creature, a babe, falls into the keeping of a happy pair, how well it would be

for both parties if the parents would rightly consider what it is! Do, my dear friends, remember that it is only human. Angel as it seems, it is only a little animal—an animal with some fine potentialities dormant within it—but in the meantime, simply, frankly, and honestly, a little animal. Now, as such, it has a sphere of being, and calls for being kept in harmony with certain conditions round about it. It has a rough, hardy part to play, and rough, hardy organs to play it with. Let it remain rough and hardy to a fair extent, and so maintain its natural ability to play its appointed part. I believe it would be better for it to be a cottage-child, reared on pottage, and tumbling from morn to eve on a village-green, than a nurtured, pampered denizen of a palace, only allowed to take the air at stated hours in a perambulator, or in a brief dull walk. The problem is the simplest imaginable. Keep the creature in all respects on the level of human nature—the healthful average between the physical and the mental parts of our being—and all will be well. Make it too fine, and you lay for it the foundation of unnumbered dangers.

The great bulk of the men who are engaged in the professions and in the higher fields of mercantile life, are little aware of the dangers of their course. Called on to exercise the intellect chiefly, confined to the study and the counting-room, the physical part of their being gets but a restricted play. It has often occurred to me, in conversing with a studious friend, or an assiduous man of business, to ask whether he ever fully considered that there are such things going on in the world as the digging of ditches, the felling of trees, and the holding of ploughs. If they look abroad, they will see that such things are done—that certain men have the strength to do them, and that certain useful ends are thus attained. It appears, in short, that rough labour, vigorous muscular powers, and consequent good to the commonwealth, are all of them coherent parts of the scheme of Providence. Now, there may be individuals better adapted for hard work than others, or it may be convenient to assign the specially hard work to certain persons, while others undertake softer and more refined tasks. But there are no specific differences in human beings to adapt one to one kind of task, and another to another; there are no beings wholly muscle, or wholly brain. There is but one constitution for all, each example of which involves some proportion of every feature common to the rest. The men whose rôle it is, then, to use the intellect chiefly, have also a muscular system of some degree of force—not well fitted, perhaps, for ditch-digging, but still a muscular system forming an

essential part of their constitution, and requiring to be kept in harmony with the parts of the external world to which it is adapted. They must see to make some use of this clumsy and clogging machine, as they sometimes feel the body to be; otherwise they will have to lay their account with sundry hurtful consequences. If they have no real labour for their arms and their limbs, whereby a useful end may be served, they would do well to take up with some amateur kind, however purposeless. If they dislike digging a garden, let them take to bowling or cricket. Let them at least take rides or walks. Field-sports unfortunately involve an element of inhumanity; yet even field-sports are better than no sports at all. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of fine gentlemen to get away from their dulcet city-life to a Highland moor or the banks of a Lapland river, there to go through a course of practice attended by most of the hardships of the peasant's lot; but I regard this appetency as in truth the voice of nature proclaiming that man has a physical system which needs exercise, in order that we may be wholly well and happy.

It was perhaps an internal voice of this kind which prompted some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century to propound the startling dogma, that the life of the savage was the only natural and right life. This it certainly is not; but the idea might nevertheless point to some obscure form of truth. The matter, as I apprehend it, is simply this: The ruder material part of our nature is not changed or extinguished by civilisation. It continues, in civilisation, to exist, and to prefer its claims for a suitable exercise and gratification; and these claims must be complied with, if we would maintain the whole fabric in *equilibrium* and in health.

There is a similar philosophy regarding our mental nature. It embraces a wonderful variety of powers, sentiments, and tendencies, applicable to an equally wonderful variety of circumstances and necessities, many of which are homely and inelegant, while others are the opposite. The mind of man, in short, has rough work appointed for it in this world, as well as fine; and it has been constituted accordingly, just as the body was formed for hewing trees as well as the carving of ivory-boxes. When we go too far in mental refinement, there arises a class of evils analogous to those which befall the too delicately treated person. Not merely do we become acutely sensitive to trifling vexations, and unfit to stand the serious shocks which from time to time occur to the most happily placed people, but we grow in selfishness. Everything which does not yield an immediate return of pleasure, is felt to be a *bore*—a peculiar word, the use of which may be considered as perhaps the best exponent of this system of over-refinement in a portion of society. Ceasing to relish simple pleasures, we get few real ones at all. Disdaining simple worth and mediocre attainments, we narrow the social circle in which we may be useful. Surely this our last estate is worse than the first. At the same time, it has never been found that over-refinement subdues any of the irregular passions of the human breast; it only gives them new directions, or teaches how they may be masked. Let us not be too eager to lay bare the moral interior of the man of extreme refinement. On the other hand, is it not universally found in the ordinary world, that there may be a perfect simplicity of life, making as near an approach to innocence as our nature is susceptible of, where refinement has not been carried beyond a medium degree?

I hope, my friends, that these few imperfect observations will not be considered as a declaration of war against refinement. I am a friend, not an enemy, to refinement, and delight to see men and women improving their taste and the style of their manners, when it is done to really good issues. Only let us take care

not to carry the process beyond a healthy point, for then we come in contact with evils worse than those we seek to avoid.

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—A QUEER CONVERSATION.

The surprise, with the exertion I had made in raising myself, overcame me, and I fell back in a swoon. It was but a momentary dizziness, and in a short while I was again conscious. Meanwhile, the two men had approached, and having applied something cold to my temples, stood near me conversing: I heard every word.

‘Durn the weemen!’ (I recognised Rube’s voice); ‘thur allers a gittin a fellur into some scrape. Hyur’s a putty pickle to be in, an all through a gurl. Durn the weemen! sez I.’

‘We-ell,’ drawlingly responded Garey, ‘pre-haps he loves the gal. They sez she’s mighty hansum. Love’s a strong feelin, Rube.’

Although I had my eyes partially open, I could not see Rube, as he was standing behind the suspended robe; but a gurgling, clucking sound—somewhat like that made in pouring water from a bottle—reached my ears, and told me what effect Garey’s remark had produced upon his companion.

‘Cuss me, Bill!’ the latter at length rejoined—‘cuss me! ef yur ain’t as durned a fool as the young fellur himself! Love’s a strong feelin! He, he—he-ho, ho, hoo! Wal, I guess it must a be to make sich dodzotted fools o’ razeonable men. As yit, it ain’t fooled this child, I reck’n.’

‘You never knewd what love wur, old hoss?’

‘Thur yur off o’ the trail, Bill-ee. I did oncest—yis; oncest I wur in love, plum to the toe-nails. But that wur a gurl to git sweet on. Ye-es, that she wur, an no mistake!’

This speech ended in a sigh that sounded like the blowing of a buffalo.

‘Who wur the gal?’ inquired Garey after a pause. ‘White, or Injun?’

‘Injun!’ exclaimed Rube, in a contemptuous tone: ‘no; I reck’n not, boyee. I don’t say that, *for a wife*, an Injun ain’t jest as good as a white, an more convaynient she are to git shot of when yur tired o’ her. I’ve hed a good grist o’ squaws in my time—hef-a-dozen maybe, an maybe more. This I kin say, an no boastin’ neyther, that I never sold a squaw yet for a plug o’ bacca less than I gin for her; an on most o’ ‘em I made a clur profit. Thurfur, Billee, I don’t object to an Injun fur a wife: but *wives* is one thing, an *sweethearts* is diff’rent, when it comes to that. Now the gurl I’m a-talkin’ bout wur my sweetheart.’

‘She wur a white gal, then?’

‘Are allyblaster white? She wur white as the bleached skull o’ a buffler; an sech har! Twur as red as the brush o’ a kitfox. Eyes too! Ah, Billee, boy, them wur eyes to squint out o’! They wur as big as a buck’s, an as soft as smoked fawn-skin. I never seed a pair o’ eyes like hern!’

‘What wur her name?’

‘Her name wur Char’ty, an as near as I kin remember twur Holmes—Char’ty Holmes. Ye-es, that wur the name. Twur upon Big-duck crick in the Tennessee bottom, the place whur this child chawed his fust hoe-cake. Let me see—it is now more’n thirty yeer ago. I fust met the gurl at a candy-pul-lin; an I reccollex well we wur put to eat taffy agin one another. We ate till our lips met; an then the kissin—their wur kissin, boyee. Char’ty’s lips wur sweeter than the candy! We met oncest agin at a corn-shuckin, an arterwards at a blanket-trampin, an thur’s whur the bisness wur done. I seed Char’ty’s

ankles as she wur a-trampin out the blankets, as white an smooth as peeled poplar. Arter that turn, all up wi' Reuben Rawlings. I approached the gurl 'thout more ado; an sez I: "Char'ty," sez I, "I freeze to you;" an sez she: "Reuben, I cottons to you." So I immeediantly made up to the ole squire—that ur Squire Holmes—an axed him for his darter. Durn the ole skunk! he refused to gin her to me!

"Jest then, thur kum a pedlar from Kinneticut, all kivered wi' fine broadcloth. He made love to Char'ty; an wud yur believe it, Bill? the gurl married him! Cuse the weemem! thus all alike.

"I met the pedlar shortly arter, an gin him sech a larrupin as laid him up for a month; but I hed to clur out for it, an I then tuk to the plains. I never seed Char'ty arterward, but I heerd o' her oncest from a fellur I kin crost on the Massoury. She wur a splendid critter; an if she ur still livin, she must hev a good grisst o' young une by this, for the fellur said she'd hed twins shortly arter she wur married, with har an eyes jest like herself! Wal, thur's no kalkatin on weemem, any how. Jest see what this young fellur's got by tryin to serve 'em. Wagh!"

Up to this moment I took no part in the conversation, nor had I indicated to either of the trappers that I was aware of their presence. Everything was enveloped in mystery. The presence of the white steed had sufficiently astonished me, and not less that of my old acquaintances, Rube and Garey. The whole scene was a puzzle; I was now equally at a loss to account for their being acquainted with the cause that had brought me there. That they were so, was evident from their conversation. Where could they have procured their information on this head? Neither of them had been at the rancheria, nor in the army anywhere; certainly not, else I should have heard of them. Indeed, either of them would have made himself known to me, as a strong friendship had formerly existed between us.

But they alone could give me an explanation, and, without further conjecture, I turned to them.

"Rube! Garey!" I said, holding out my hands.

"Hilloo! yur a-comin too, young fellur. That's right; but thur now—lay still a bit—don't worrit yourself; y'll be stronger by 'm by."

"Take a sup o' this," said the other, with an air of rude kindness, at the same time holding out a small gourd, which I applied to my lips. It was *aguardiente* of El Paso, better known among the mountain-men as 'Pass-whisky.' The immediate effect of this strong, but not bad spirit, was to strengthen my nerves, and render me abler to converse.

"I see you recollects us, capt'n," said Garey, apparently pleased at the recognition.

"Well, old comrades—well do I remember you."

"We ain't forgot you neyther. Rube an I often talked about ye. We many a time wondered what hed becomed o' you. We heerd, of course, that you hed gone back to the settlements, an that you hed come into gobs o' property, an hed to change yur name to git it!"

"Durn the name!" interrupted Rube. "I'd change mine any day for a plug o' Jeemes River bacca; thut wud I sartint."

"No, capt'n," continued the younger trapper, without heeding Rube's interruption, "we hedn't forgot you, neyther of us."

"That we hedn't!" added Rube emphatically: "forgot ye—forgot the young fellur as tuk ole Rube for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo! How Bill hyur did larf when I gin him the account o' that bisness in the cave. Bill, boy, I never seed you larf so in all my life. Ole Rube tuk for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo!"

And the old trapper went off into a fit of laughing that occupied nearly a minute. At the end of it, he continued:

"Thet wur a kewrrious bit o' dodgin—wa'n't it, young fellur? You saved my ole karkidge that time, an I ain't a-gwine to forgit it; no, this child ain't."

"I think you have repaid me; you have rescued me from the bear?"

"From one bar prehaps we did, but from t'other grizzly you rescued yourself; an, young fellur, you must a fit a putty consid'able bout afore the vamint knocked under. The way you hev gin him the bowie ur a caution to snakes, I reck'n."

"What? were there two bears?"

"Look thur! thur's a kuppel, ain't thur?"

The trapper pointed in the direction of the fire. Sure enough, the carcasses of two bears lay upon the ground, both skinned, and partially cut up!

"I fought with only one."

"An that wur enuf at a time, an a leetle more, I reck'n. Tain't many as lives to wag thur jaws arter a stan-up tussle wi' a grizzly. Wagh! how you must have fit, to a rubbed out that bar!"

"I killed the bear, then?"

"Thet you sartint did, young fellur. When Bill an me kin on the groun, the bar wur as dead as pickled pork. We thort yur case wa'n't any better. Thut you lay a-huggin the bar, an the bar a-huggin you, as of both on yur hed gone to sleep in a sort o' friendly way, like the babbies in the wood. But thur wur yur claret a kiverin the parairas for yurda round. Thut wa'n't as much blood in you as wud a gin a leech his breakfast."

"The other bear?"

"She kum arterwards out o' the gully. Bill, he wur gone to look arter the white hoss. I wur sittin by, jest hyur, when I seed the vamint's snout pokin up. I knowd it wur the she-bar a-comin to see where ole Eph had strayed to. So I tuk up Targuts, an plumm'd the critter in the eye, an thut wur the eend o' her trampin."

"Now, lookee hyur, young fellur! I ain't no doctur, neyther's Bill, but I knows enough about wowns to be sartint they you must lay still, an stop talkin. Yur mighty bad scratched, I tell ye, but yur not dangerous, only you've got no blood in yur body, an you must wait till it gathers agin. Take another suck out o' the gourd. Thut now, come, Billee! leave 'im alone. Le's go an hev a fresh tooth-full o' bar-meat."

And so saying, the leathery figure moved off in the direction of the fire, followed by his younger companion.

Although I was anxious to have a further explanation about the other points that puzzled me—about the steed, the trappers' own presence, their knowledge of my wild hunt, and its antecedents—I knew it would be useless to question Old Rube any further after what he had said; I was compelled, therefore, to follow his advice, and remain quiet.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VOWS OF VENGEANCE.

I soon fell asleep again, and this time slept long and profoundly. It was after nightfall, in fact, near midnight, when I awoke. The air had grown chilly, but I found I had not been neglected; my serape was wrapped closely around me, and with a buffalo-robe, had sufficiently protected me from the cold while I slept. On awaking, I felt much better and stronger. I looked around for my companions. The fire had gone out—no doubt intentionally extinguished, lest its glare amid the darkness might attract the eye of some roving Indian. The night was a clear one, though moonless; but the heaven was spangled with its sparkling worlds, and the starlight enabled me to make out the forms of the two trappers and the group of browsing horses. Of the former, one only was asleep; the other sat upright, keeping guard over the camp. He was motionless

as a statue; but the small spark gleaming like a glowworm from the bowl of his tobacco-pipe, gave token of his wakefulness. Dim as the light was, I could distinguish the upright form to be that of the earless trapper. It was Garey who was sleeping.

I could have wished it otherwise. I was anxious to have some conversation with the younger of my companions; I was longing for an explanation, and I should have preferred addressing myself to Garey. My anxiety would not allow me to wait, and I turned towards Rube. He sat near me, and I spoke in a low tone, so as not to awake the sleeper.

'How came you to find me?'

'By follerin yur trail.'

'Oh, you followed me then! From the settlements?'

'Not so fur. Bill an me wur camped in the chapparal, an spied you a gallupin arter the white hoss, as of all the devils Bill wur arter you. I knowd yur at a glimp; so d'd Bill. Sez I: "Bill, thet ur the young fellur as tuk me for a grizzly up thur in the mountains," an the reckoleckshun o' the sark'instance set me a larfin till my ole ribs ached. "It ur the same," sez Bill. An jest then, we met a Mexikin who hed been yur guide, gallupin about in sarch o' you. He gin us a story 'bout some gurl that hed sent you to catch the white hoss; some saynyora with a dodrotten long name. "Durn the weemen!" sez I to Bill. Didn't I, Bill?'

To this interesting interrogatory, Garey, who was but half asleep, gave an assenting grunt.

"Wal," continued Rube, "seein thur wur a pettycoat in the case, I sez to Bill, sez I: "Thet young fellur ain't a-gwine to pull up till eyther he graps the hoss, or the hoss gits clur off!" Now, I knowd you wur well mounted, but I knowd you wur arter the fastest critter on all these parairas; so I sez to Bill, sez I: "Billee, thur boun for a long gallup." Sez Bill: "Thet ur sartin." Wal! Bill an me tuk the idee in our heads, that you mout git lost, for we seed the white hoss wur a makin for the big paraira. It ain't the biggest paraira in creashun, but it ur one of the wust to git strayed on. Yur greenhorns wur all gone back, so Bill an me catched up our critters, an as soon as we kud saddle 'em, put arter you. When we kum'd out in the paraira, we seed no signs o' you, 'captin yur trail. Thet we follered up; but it wur night long afore we got half way hyur, an wur obligeed to halt till sunup.

"In the mornin, the trail wur nurly blind, on account o' the rain; an it tak us a good spell afore we reached the gully. "Thur," sez Bill, "the hoss hez jumped in an hyur's the trail o' the young fellur leadin down the bank." Wal, we wur jest turnin to go down, when we seed yur own hoss a good ways off on the paraira, 'ithout saddle or bridle. We rid straight for him, an when we got closter, we seed somethin on the groun, right under the hoss's nose. Thet somethin turned out to be yourself an the grizzly, lyin in grups, as quiet as a kipple o' sleepin' possums. Yur hoss wur a squealin like a bag o' wild-cats, an at fust Bill an me thort you hed gone under. But upon a closter view, we seed you wur only a faintin, while the bar wur as dead as a buck. Of course we set about doctorin you, to fatch you roun agin."

"But the steed? the white steed?'

"Bill hyur grapped him in the gully. A leetle further down it's stopped up wi' big rocks. We knowd thet, for we'd been hyur afore. We knowd the hoss kudn't a got over the rocks, an Bill went arter an foun him, on a ledge wher he hed climb out o' reech o' the flood; an then he lazoed the critter, an fatched 'im up hyur. Now, young fellur, you hev the hul story."

"An the hoss," added Garey, rising from his recumbent position, "he's yourn, capt'n. Ef you hadn't rid him down, I couldn't a roped him so easy. He's yourn, ef yu'll accept him."

"Thanks, thanks! not for the gift alone, but I may thank you for my life. But for you, I might never have left this spot. Thanks! old comrades, thanks!"

Every point was now cleared up. There was mystery no longer, though, from an expression which Garey had dropped, I still desired a word with him in private.

On further inquiry, I learned that the trappers were on their way to take part in the campaign. Some barbarous treatment they had experienced from Mexican soldiers at a frontier post, had rendered both of them invertebrate foes to Mexico; and Rube declared he would never be contented until he had 'plugged a score of the yellur-hidid vamints.' The breaking out of the war gave them the opportunity they desired, and they were now on their way, from a distant part of prairie-land, to take a hand in it.

The vehemence of their hostility towards the Mexicans somewhat surprised me—as I knew it was a recent feeling with them—and I inquired more particularly into the nature of the ill-treatment they had received. They answered me by giving a detailed account of the affair. It had occurred at one of the Mexican frontier towns, where, upon a slight pretext, the trappers had been arrested and flogged, by order of the commanding officer of the post.

"Yes-s!" said Rube, the words hissing angrily through his teeth; "yes-s, flogged!—a mountain-man flogged by a cussed monkey of a Mexikin! Ne'er a mind! ne'er a mind! By the 'tarnal!—an when I say that, I swear it—this niggur don't leave Mexiko till he has rubbed out a soger for every lash they gin him—an that's twenty!"

"Hyur's another, old hoss!" cried Garey, with equal earnestness of manner—"hyur's another that swars the same oath!"

"Yes, Billee, boy! I guess we'll count some in a skrimmagem. Thur's two a'ready! lookee thur, young fellur!"

As Rube said this, he held his rifle close to my eyes, pointing with his finger to a particular part of the stock. I saw two small notches freshly cut in the wood. I knew well enough what these notches meant; they were a registry of the deaths of two Mexicans, who had fallen by the hand or bullet of the trapper. They had not been the only victims of that unerring and deadly weapon. On the same piece of wood-work I could see long rows of similar *souvenirs*, apart from each other, only differing a little in shape. I knew something of the signification of these horrible hieroglyphics; I knew they were the history of a life fearfully spent—a life of red realities.

The sight was far from pleasant. I turned my eyes away, and remained silent.

"Mark me, young fellur!" continued Rube, who noticed that I was not gratified by the inspection; "don't mistake me, Bill Garey an me for wild beests; we ain't thet quite: we've been mighty riled, I reck'n; but fr all thet we ain't a-gwine to take revenge on weemen an chilider, as Injuns do. No—weemen an chilider don't count, nor men neyther, unless thur sogers. We've no spite agin the poor slaves o' Mexiko. They never did me nor Bill harm. We've been on one skurry, along wi' the Yutaws, down to the Del Nort settlements. Thur's whur I made them two nicks; but neyther Bill or me laid a finger on the weemen an chilider. It wur bekase the Injuns did, that we left 'em. We're jest kum from thur. We want fair fight among Christyoun whites; that's why we're hyur. Now, young fellur!"

I was glad to hear Rube talk in this manner, and I so signified to him. Indianan as the old trapper was, with all his savageness, all his reckless indifference to ordinary emotions, I knew there was still a touch of humanity in his breast. Indeed, on more than one occasion, I had witnessed singular displays

of fine feeling on the part of Rube. Circumstanced as he was, he is not to be judged by the laws of civilised life.

'Your intention, then, is to join some corps of rangers, is it not?' I asked after a pause.

'I shed like it,' replied Garey: 'I shed like to join your company, capt'n; but Rube hyur won't consent to it.'

'No!' exclaimed the other with emphasis; 'I'll jine no kumpny. This niggur fights on his own hook. Yur see, young fellur, I hev been all my life a free mountaineer-man, an don't understand sojerin, no how. I mout make some mistake, or I moutn't like some o' the regilashuns; thurfor I prefers fightin arter my own fashun. Bill am me kin take care o' ourselves, I reck'n. Kin we, Bill?—eh, boyee?'

'I guess so, old hoss,' replied Garey mildly; 'but for all that, Rube, I think it would be better to go at it in a reglar way—particularly as the capt'n hyur would make the sojerin part as easy as possible. Wudn't yur, capt'n?'

'The discipline of my corps is not very severe. We are *Rangers*, and our duties are different from those of regular soldiers—'

'It ur no use,' interrupted Rube; 'I must fight as I've allers fit, free to kum an free to go whur I please. I wotn't bind myself. I moutn't like it, an mout desert.'

'But by binding yourself,' suggested I, 'you draw pay and rations; whereas—'

'Durn pay an rashuns!' exclaimed the old trapper, striking the butt of his rifle upon the prairie. 'Durn pay an rashuns! Young fellur, I fights for revenge!'

This was said in an energetic and conclusive manner, and I urged my advice no further.

'Look hyur, cap!' continued the speaker in a more subdued tone. 'Though I ain't a-gwine to jine yur fellurs, yet thur ur a favor I wud axe from yur; an that is, to let me an Bill keep by you, or foller whurver you lead. I don't want to spunge for rashuns; we'll git thet of thur's a head o' game in Mexiko, an ef thur ain't, why we kin eat a Mexikin. Can't we, Bill? —eh, boyee?'

Garey knew this was one of Rube's jokes, and laughingly assented; adding at the same time, that he would prefer eating any other 'sort o' a varmint.'

'Ne'er a mind!' continued Rube; 'we ain't a-gwine to starve. So, young fellur, ef you agrees to our goin on them tarms, yu'll hev a kuppel o' rifles near you that wotn't miss fire—they won't.'

'Enough! You shall go and come as you please. I shall be glad to have you near me, without binding you to any term of service.'

'Hooray!—thet's the sort for us! Kum, Billee!—gie' another suck out o' yur gourd. Hyur's success to the Stars and Stripes! Hooray for Texas!'

CHAPTER XXVII.

A 'WEED'-PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

My recovery was rapid. My wounds, though deep, were not dangerous; they were only flesh-wounds, and closed rapidly under the cauterising influence of the *lechuguilla*. Rude as my doctors were, in the matter of such a malady, I could not have fallen into better hands. Both, during their lives of accident and exposure, had ample practice in the healing art; and I would have trusted either, in the curing of a rattlesnake's bite, or the tear of a grizzly bear's claw, in preference to the most accomplished surgeon. Old Rube, in particular, thoroughly understood the simple pharmacopœia of the prairies; and his application to my wounds of the sap of the *pita* plant, obtained among the rocks of the ravine, bespoke his skill. This plant, a bromelia, is of the same genus as the *Agave Americana*, and by travellers often confounded with the latter,

though quite a distinct plant from the *maguey* of cultivation. It grows in most parts of Mexico and South America, extending as far north as the latitude of 30°, and even further. There is no spot too arid or barren to give support to it. It is a true desert plant; and even on the naked rock, its curved and thorny blades may be seen radiating on all sides from the tall flower-stalk, that shoots upward like a signal-staff, to the height of twenty feet. As already observed, its uses are manifold: the fibre of its leaves can be manufactured into thread, cordage, and cloth; fences are constructed of the growing plant, and thatch of the blades when cut; its sap, distilled, furnishes the fiery but not unwholesome mezcal; and the large egg-shaped core or stem is eaten for food. Tribes of Indians—Lipans, Comanches, and Apaches—use it extensively as an article of diet. One branch of the great Apache nation are distinguished as 'Mezcaleros' (eaters of the mezcal-plant). They bake it in ground-ovens of heated stones, along with the flesh of the wild-horse. It is firm when cooked, with a translucent appearance like candied fruits. I have eaten it; it is palatable—I might say delicious. The mastication of it is accompanied by a prickling sensation upon the tongue, singular to one unaccustomed to it. It is a gift of nature to the desert regions, where it grows in greatest luxuriance, and where it serves the same purpose in the economy of the savage natives as the *ixias*, *mesembryanthemums*, and *zamias* (the Caffre bread), upon the arid karoos of Southern Africa.

One of the most esteemed qualities of this bromelia is the cauterising property of its juice, well known to the natives of the Mexican table-land, and to the Peruvians, where several species are found of like virtues. It will cause ordinary wounds to cicatrize in a few hours, and even 'ugly gashes' will yield to it in time.

My companions had full knowledge of its effects, and having extracted the sap from its large succulent leaves, and boiled it to the consistency of honey, they applied it to my wounds. This operation they from time to time repeated, and the scratches were healed in a period marvellously short. My strength, too, was soon restored. Garey with his gun catered for the cuisine, and the ruffed grouse, the prairie partridge, and roasted ribs of fresh venison, were dainties even to an invalid.

In three days I was strong enough to mount; and bidding adieu to our camping-ground, we set forth, taking with us our beautiful captive. He was still as wild as a deer; but we adopted precautions to prevent him from getting off. The trappers led him between them, secured to the saddles of both by a lazo.

We did not return in the direction of our old trail; my companions knew a shorter route, at least one upon which we should sooner reach water, and that is the most important consideration on a prairie-journey. We headed in a more westerly direction; in which, by keeping in a straight line, we should strike the Rio Grande some distance above the rancheria.

The sky was leaden-gray, the sun not being visible, and with no guide in the heavens, we knew that we might easily diverge from a direct course. To provide against this, my companions had recourse to a compass of their own invention. On taking our departure from camp, a sapling was stuck into the ground, and upon the top of this was adjusted a piece of bear's-skin, which, with the long hair upon it, could be distinguished at the distance of a mile or more. The direction having been determined upon, another wand, similarly garnished with a tuft of the bear's-skin, was set up several hundred yards distant from the first.

Turning our backs upon these signal-posts, we rode off with perfect confidence, glancing back at intervals to make sure we were keeping the track. So long as they remained in sight, and aligned with each other,

we could not otherwise than travel in a straight path. It was an ingenious contrivance, but it was not the first time I had been witness to the 'instincts' of my trapper-friends, and therefore I was not astonished.

When the black tufts were well-nigh hidden from view, a similar pair—the materials for which had been brought along—were erected, and these insured our direction for another stretch of a mile; then fresh saplings were planted; and so on, till we had passed over some six miles of the plain.

We now came in sight of timber right ahead of us, and apparently about five miles distant. Towards this we directed our course.

We reached the timber about noon, and found it to consist of black-jack and post-oak groves, with mezquite and wild-china trees interspersed, and here and there some taller trees of the honey-locust (*Gleditschia triacanthos*).

It was not a close forest, but a succession of groves, with openings between—avenues and grassy glades. There were many pleasant spots, and, faint with the ride, I would fain have chosen one of them for a resting-place; but there was no water, and without water we could not halt. A short distance further, and we should reach a stream—a small arroyo, an affluent of the Rio Grande. So promised my companions, and we rode onward.

After passing a mile or so through the timber-openings, we came out on the edge of a prairie of considerable extent. It was full three miles in diameter, and differed altogether from the plain we had left behind us. It was of the kind known in hunter phrasology as a 'weed-prairie'—that is, instead of having a grassy turf, its surface was covered with a thick growth of flowering-plants, as *helianthus*, *malvas*, *altheas*, *hibiscus*, and other tall annuals standing side by side, and frequently laced together by wild-pea vines and various species of convolvulus. Such a flower-prairie was the one now before us, but not a flower was in sight; they had all bloomed, faded, and fallen, perhaps unseen by human eye, and the withered stalks, burned by a hot sun, looked brown and forbidding. They cracked and broke at the slightest touch, shelling their seed-pods like rain upon the loose earth.

Instead of striking across this prairie, we skirted around its edge; and at no great distance, arrived on the banks of the arroyo which ran along one side.

We had made but a short march; but my companions, fearful that a longer ride might bring on fever, proposed to encamp there for the night, and finish our journey on the following day. Though I felt strong enough to have gone further, I made no objection to the proposal; and our horses were at once unsaddled and picketed near the banks of the arroyo.

The stream ran through a little bottom-valley covered with a sward of grass, and upon this we staked our steeds; but a better place offered for our camp upon the higher ground; and we chose a spot under the shade of a large locust-tree, upon the edge of the great wilderness of weeds. To this place we carried our saddles, bridles, and blankets, and having collected a quantity of dead branches, kindled our camp-fire. We had already quenched our thirst at the stream, but, although we were all three hungry enough, the dried flesh of the grizzly bear proved but a poor repast. The rivulet looked promising for fish. Garey carried both hooks and line in his 'possible sack,' and I proposed the angle.

The young trapper soon baited his hooks; and he and I, repairing to the stream, cast our lines, sat down, and waited for a nibble.

Fishing was not to Rube's taste. For a few minutes he stood watching us, but evidently with little interest, either in the sport, or what it might produce. Rube was not a fish-eater.

'Durn yur fish!' exclaimed he at length: 'I'd rather hev a hunk o' deer-meat than all the fish in Texas. I'll jest see if I kin scare up somethin; the place looks likely for deer—it do.'

So saying, the old trapper shouldered his long rifle, and stalking away up the bank, was soon out of sight.

Garey and I continued bobbing with but indifferent success. We had succeeded in drawing out a couple of cat-fish, not the most palatable of the finny tribe, when the crack of Rube's rifle sounded in our ears. It seemed to come from the weed-prairie, and we both ran up on the high bank to ascertain what success had attended the shot. Sure enough, Rube was out in the prairie, nearly half a mile distant from the camp. His head and shoulders were just visible above the tall stalks of the helianthus; and we could see, by his stooping at intervals, that he was bending over some game he had killed, skinning or cutting it up. The game we could not see, on account of the interposed stalks of the weeds.

'A deer, I reck'n,' remarked Garey. 'Buffler don't often o' late years stray so far to the suthorf, though I've killed some on the Grande, higher up.'

Without other remark passing between us, we descended to the arroyo, and continued our fishing. We took it for granted that Rube did not require any aid, or he would have signaled to us. He would soon return with his game to the camp.

We had just discovered that silver-fish (a species of *hyodon*) were plentiful in the stream, and this attracted us back. We were desirous of taking some of them for our dinner, knowing them to be excellent eating, and far superior to the despised 'cat.'

Having changed our bait for some small pieces of gold-lace, which my uniform furnished, we succeeded in pulling several of these beautiful creatures out of the water; and were congratulating one another upon the delicious broil we should have, when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by a crackling noise, that caused both of us to turn our faces towards the prairie. The sight that met our eyes prompted us to spring simultaneously to our feet. Our horses already reared upon their lazoos—neighing with affright—and the wild screams of Rube's mustang mare were loud and continuous. There was no mystery about the cause; that was obvious at a glance. The wind had blown some sparks among the dry flower-stalks. The prairie was on fire!

Though startled at the first sight of the conflagration, for ourselves we had nothing to fear. The bottom on which we stood was a sward of short buffalo-grass; it was not likely to catch fire, and even if it did, we could easily escape from it. There is not much danger in a burning prairie where the grass is light and short; one can dash through the line of flame with no further injury than the singeing of his hair, or a little suffocation from smoke; but upon a plain covered with rank and thick vegetation, the case is very different. We therefore felt no apprehension for ourselves, but we did for our companion; his situation filled us with alarm.

Was he still where we had last seen him? This was the first question we asked one another. If so, then his peril was great indeed; escape would be almost hopeless! We had observed him a full half mile out among the weeds. He was on foot too. To have attempted a retreat towards the opposite side of the prairie, would have been folly: it was three miles off. Even on horseback, the flames would have overtaken him! Mounted, or on foot, he could not have got out of the way through those tall stalks—laced as they were by pea-vines and other trailing plants—whose tough tangle would have hindered the progress of the strongest horse!

To have returned to the near side would be his only chance; but that would be in the very face of

the fire, and, unless he had started long before the flames broke out, it was evident that his retreat in that direction would be cut off. As already stated, the weeds were as dry as tinder; and the flames, impelled by gusts of wind, at intervals shot out their red tongues, licking up the withered stalks, coiling like serpents around them, and consuming them almost instantaneously.

Filled with forebodings, my companion and I rushed in the direction of the prairie.

When first noticed by us, the fire had extended but a few yards on each side of the locust-tree we had chosen for our camp. We were not opposite this point at the moment, having gone a little way down the arroyo; we ran, therefore, not towards the camp, but for the nearest point of high ground, in order to discover the situation of our friend. On reaching the high ground, about two hundred yards from the locust, we saw to our astonishment that the fire had already spread, and was now burning forward to the spot where we had climbed up! We had only a moment to glance outward, when the conflagration, hissing and crackling as it passed, rolled in front of us, and with its wall of flame shut off our view of the prairie.

But that glance had shewn us all, and filled our hearts with sorrow and dismay; it revealed the situation of the trapper—no longer a situation of peril, but, as we supposed, of certain death! He was still in the place where we had last seen him; he had evidently made no attempt to escape from it. Perhaps the knowledge that such an attempt must have failed, had hindered him from making it. The reflection that he might as well die where he stood, as be licked up by the flames in the act of fleeing from them, had bound him to the spot!

Oh! it was a dread sight to see that old man, hardened sinner that he was, about to be snatched into eternity! I remember his wild look, as the red flame, rolling between us, shut him from our sight! We had seen him but for a single instant: his head and shoulders were alone visible above the tall weeds. He made no sign either with voice or arm; but I fancied that even at that distance I could read his glance of despair.

Was there no hope? Could no exertion be made to rescue him? Could he do nothing for himself? Was there no chance of his being able to clear a circle round him, and burn off a space before the line of fire could come up? Such a ruse has often availed, but no—never in such ground as that! The weeds were too thick and tall—it could not be done—Garey said it could not be done.

There was no hope, then. *The trapper was lost!*

A FÊTE AT TZARSKO-SELO.

No one who has not tried it can conceive an idea of anything much more tiresome than St Petersburg in summer. Ennui is the prevailing sensation, and the all-expressive word by which to describe it. So soon did that terrible ennui seize upon us, and weigh down our spirits and depress even our bodily powers, that before we were settled here—that is to say, before we had given up our passports, and taken out our billet of residence—we were occupied only by the thought of getting away from this city of white houses and stately monotony.

It was a foolish thought, yet we acted upon it, and flew off to Tzarsko-Selo—which word means the seat, or village, of the czar—about twenty-five versts from the capital. A verst is three-quarters of an English mile; and as the railway brings the citizens there two or three times a day, it forms a very pleasant and favourite excursion, especially for strangers.

When the emperor is there, and in summer-time, the

difficulty of getting lodgings is extreme, and the price paid for them exorbitant. All the pretty wooden houses that form the village of the czar, are occupied by the followers of the court, or the officers and their families. We got a sufficiently wretched abode in the house of a man who had been an English boy till he was ten years old, but having then gone to sea in the service of Alexander I., he had grown into a personage very common in Russia, and very disagreeable in general, because it usually happens that the best qualities of the natives to whom they assimilate are not those which they adopt. We have met others, however, of this class to whom the observation would apply much more than it does to this old seaman, whose Russian wife, though married to an Englishman for more than thirty years, could not comprehend the least word of our language. How English blood can ever become so changed as to make an Englishman tolerate a Russian housewife, is rather mysterious. For my part, I will only venture to relate that, having discovered the double purpose to which the store-room was put, where were kept the butter, cheese, milk, preserves, and most other articles of daily consumption, I made a silent resolve never to eat a morsel of any similar things that I did not purchase and bring into our rooms myself.

Hardly were we located in our new abode than we left it in order to get into the park of Tzarsko-Selo. The hope of shade after the uniform glare of St Petersburg was reviving. We took a wrong direction, or rather wrong entrance, which, after a long circuit, suddenly led us into the midst of a quite unexpected scene.

We were ignorant that it was the festival of the fine regiment of guards whose white uniform and dark faces now appeared ranged in a line on the grass before us. It was the festival of their patron saint to whom the regiment is dedicated, and therefore a festival to them.

The spectacle was a curious and very striking one, not the less so for being also a surprising one to us. A picked body of men stood in line; I think there was not a quarter of an inch variation in the equality of their uncovered heads. They held their glittering helmets in their hands; and close before them stood a tall, fair, comely officer, in the prime of life, but with a look of care on his brow, an expression on his face that impressed one with the idea that he was employed in a service he disliked—serving against the grain, as we say. I looked at him with interest, for I thought that he did not like the service of Russia—that he would be glad to throw off the white uniform he wore—that he was perhaps a Pole, or one of the many fragmentary parts that willingly or unwillingly compose that mighty empire.

The whole green space was dotted over, and in the background thronged, with more splendid and varied uniforms, and many of the finest figures that could be seen were set off by more gorgeous equipments. None struck me as having the same expression as the officer who stood before the troops—an expression hard to describe, otherwise than that of distaste to the life he led. But a bell sounded; this officer took off his helmet, turned round, and accidentally cast his eye on me. I met that full blue eye direct, and almost exclaimed aloud: 'The emperor! the czar himself!'

What is there in an eye accustomed to power that makes itself felt? There were far more dashing uniforms, far more commanding figures present, but there was no eye that, when it looked full at you, had the same force, conveyed the same sense of power.

A gentleman who joined us, said he had not seen the czar for eighteen months, and would scarcely have known him, so much was his countenance and general appearance altered. The ruler of such an empire, and of such a one, too, when engaged in a miserable war,

must have known enough in these eighteen months to mark his brow with care, and his countenance with dissatisfaction. On turning round, and uncovering his head, as I have said, the Emperor Alexander II. walked with helmet in hand to a gay-looking little tent, in which an altar was placed, and from which now issued the exquisite voices of the priests and choir singing the appropriate service for a festival, which, like most Russian ones, was half religious, half military. He stood there while it lasted. Of the officers outside, I saw a few, a very few, bless themselves, and bow at stated times; but the generality paid no sort of attention to what was going on. The soldiers crossed themselves, and bowed their heads occasionally, and the movement, when made simultaneously, had a curious effect.

As soon as the service was over, and while the choir still sang, a green and gold covered priest, with long hair streaming to his waist behind, and long beard flowing down before, came half flying from the tent, so quickly did he move along, followed by his obedient master, the *tsar of All the Russias*. The priest bore in one hand a basin of holy-water, and carried the *asperge*—I must use a French term, not knowing the English one—in the other. He dipped this sort of brush or twig in the water, and flung it at each soldier's face. They stood this remarkably well, in only one or two instances winking the eyes as the water was jerked at them; their imperial master witnessing their behaviour as he walked along the line with the priest.

The whole was to us a novel and a remarkable scene: the sun shining full on the glittering helmets, which were held in an even line; the wild-looking priest, with his un-European air; and the mechanical-looking *tsar*, who seemed to inspect this performance of the blessing of the soldiers.

After it was over, the emperor very kindly walked down the group—a very small one—of spectators, in order to shew himself, or give them the opportunity of getting a military salute in return for their salutations. They drew back as he passed, but did not make any other demonstration of respect. For our parts, we bowed, as we do in England, very deeply, which obtained us not only a salute, but another cast from that lordly eye, which somehow sinks straight into the mind, and is not forgotten. What must have been such a one from that true type of an autocrat, the Emperor Nicholas, if that of the mild, benevolent-tempered Alexander is felt! It was not imagination that caused me to trace on that countenance the expression of a mind or disposition that would have naturally found its congenial sphere in other employments, or another sphere than these the duties of a position prescribed. I did not know whose countenance it was that I thus expounded, and I was told afterwards that it had greatly changed since the time when the Emperor Nicholas I. left to his son such a heritage of care as the crown of Russia must be to a thoughtful mind or a benevolent heart. After the troops were blessed, they were feasted in the palace court, and we went away. A day or two after, I began to think my physiognomical science had been at fault.

Harry and I were walking in the park, and admiring a splendid, perfectly white Newfoundland dog, and an equally pretty, in its degree, white Italian greyhound. An officer and lady approached: he wore the loose gray overcoat now prescribed to officers as well as soldiers, and a round red cloth cap, like what is called a smoking-cap, on his head; in his hand he held a half-consumed cigar. A tall lady, in a plain shawl and very plain straw-bonnet, by no means of a fashionable shape, since it did not merely cover the back of her head, leaned on his arm. They were chatting and smiling together. A more perfectly free-from-care couple one could not see. The white Newfoundland dog, with its tail like an immense ostrich plume,

attracted more of my notice: it was only in the act of passing that I met once more the full blue eye, and felt again whose it was, but felt it differently, for the face no longer seemed to say: 'Pity, as well as fear me.' Harry, who was a little behind, drew up and said: 'That lady smiled at me, and I never saw her before.'

'Do you not know who she is?'

'Not in the least.'

'That lady is the Empress of Russia—the *tsarina*.'

A lengthened O! and then a look of profound thought on Harry's face, followed the information. Could that careless, happy-looking man be the same we had seen so shortly before? It was the same; and in the different aspect perhaps a clue to the native character of the individual might be found. When I related this to a lady afterwards, she accounted for the former expression I had noticed by remarking that it was on that day he had received the new British minister, Lord Wodehouse, who had come to St Petersburg on the conclusion of the war. But surely this reception was more likely to remove than to increase the frown of care and dissatisfaction from the imperial brow.

The grounds of Tzarsko-Selo, though artificial, as everything here is, afford a delightful escape from St Petersburg. There is more than a chance of losing one's self, too, in them, an accident which can by no manner of means happen to you in that straight, clear, and conveniently built capital. An artistic gentleman, with something of an Irish mind, having the organ of disorder instead of that of order in his head, told me he could not enjoy Tzarsko because not a leaf was allowed to wither on the ground, and all the walks were swept and reswept all day long. Notwithstanding that this is a fact, I did enjoy it; although, having thoughtlessly carried in my hand a little broken flower, I found it excite the attention of two royal keepers, who gazed upon it most suspiciously.

In the evening, we took as our guide through the extensive and labyrinthine grounds a little serving-maid, whose cheerful, smiling face, and friendly, sociable manner had not the least affinity to our English notion of the Russian serf—the white slave; and indeed, abhorrent as the system is, our common notion of its subjects is a sort of serious caricature.

Gaiety is not a natural attribute of the Russian character, nor of the Russian countenance; on the contrary, even when smiling or laughing, there is, in the expression of the Russian peasants, who alone may now be considered as purely Russian, a something of gravity, or rather melancholy, which is generally indicative of feeling, although they are perhaps peculiarly exempt from that characteristic.

We found a band playing upon the terrace beside the palace, and a great many persons of all ranks walking there—the low and the high together. To this spot our Russian maid was most partial; but our object being a ramble through trees, and an escape from human beings, we contrived to draw her away from the promenade, although to her evident perplexity, as she seemed to think we must be acting under some misapprehension. It is surprising, however, how quickly intelligent these peasants are, and with how much comparative ease they will comprehend what might puzzle a higher order of English intellect. The only really stupid servant I met in Russia was a Pole; but even this Pole, I recollect, was surpassed in dulness by a German. What the Russian peasantry might be made of by cultivation, must be apparent to the strangers who see them in their present more than half-barbaric state.

Tzarsko-Selo is the principal, and, it appears, favourite summer palace of the *tsars*. The great Peter was its founder, and indulged here also in his

favourite fancy of tree-planting: the avenues of plane-trees are said to have been planted by his own hand. Everything Russian is, however, doomed to be at one time or other destroyed by fire; and so, though added to and adorned by Elizabeth and Catherine, the palace was re-edified by Alexander I., who re-dedicated the monuments which Catherine II. had erected to her favourites, to his brave comrades in arms.

Our host told us, as we walked in these most magnificent gardens, that each berry, or fruit the size of the top of his finger, which the tsar ate, cost him 100 rubles (L.15) a year. They say that the bare expense of keeping the walks and gardens in the beautiful order in which they are constantly preserved, amounts to 100,000 rubles annually. It is consoling to know, that the old and invalid soldiers, whose only other portion would be beggary, after twenty-five years of compulsory and unpaid-for service, are the labourers and care-takers employed in this expensive work.

I thought our artist, having a taste for elegant disorder, rather exaggerated the reputed neatness of these grounds, and almost fabulous exactitude of their keepers. But it is true that the walks, trees, and water are just as much the objects of care as the rooms and furniture of the most precise Dutch house can be. No leaf dare rest on the ground, if it has the audacity to alight there; a withering flower must not shed its petals over its mother-earth; the poet dare not say to the last rose of summer in the garden of the tsar :

Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

Such an act would not be justified by any poetic licence at Tzarsko-Selo.

When we consider that the walks which are thus kept without speck or spot appearing, cleaned, brushed, it might be said dusted, from morning to night, would occupy a length of about 150 versts if united in one, it will give us some notion of Russian order and discipline. There is a staff of, I believe, 600 men employed in this work. The grounds are most agreeably diversified, and open pretty views from time to time; lying among the Duderhof Hills, they have the advantage, rare in Russia, of an elevated site. The edifices in them are fantastic; but where all is, or must be, artificial, a fantastic aspect is desirable. The interior of the palace is one scene of eastern splendour and singular variety. The amber chamber is the most famous: the vast quantity of amber with which the walls are covered was presented by Frederick the Great of Prussia to Catherine II.

We entered the Hermitage, which was re-edifying, the walls being gilded and painted elaborately; it is meant as a sort of family retreat with the privileged guests of the imperial court, like the long celebrated one of Catherine II. at St Petersburg: here also is the apparatus for placing and removing the royal meals without the appearance of servants, in the manner which so much delighted Peter I., but which is now used in large public institutions in his country.

The grounds are adorned with Chinese and other buildings, and a lake, on which are pleasure-boats for the amusement and nautical edification of the little dukes. There is also a model-farm at the extremity of the grounds, but we did not reach it. Our maiden guide had been trying to make me comprehend a long speech, and the fact that I did not understand her becoming at last indisputable, she proceeded to a mode of explanation equally incomprehensible. She picked up a small piece of stone, and shewed it to me, pointing at the same time in an opposite direction to that in which we were going. I imagined that the pebble, in her opinion, possessed some efficacy, and I took care to let her see that I put it safely into my pocket; whereupon she laughed, and said: 'No, no!' and taking

up another, touched it with her finger, and pointed in the same direction, throwing it away. We turned, and walked in that direction, and came to the stone fountain—a poetic one. It is called the Fountain of the Broken Pitcher, and is a poem in itself. There is the young girl mourning over her pitcher, which lies broken at her foot, with the water of the fountain pouring through its broken-off neck. It is fortunately not of plaster, and therefore this figure is one of the few things of the kind which do not look miserably dilapidated in this climate.

It was to shew me that there was a stone fountain to be seen, our guide had so symbolised her meaning. The water is an exquisite treat after the horrors of the Neva; and I remember some traveller having related that, in his time, the young daughters of Nicholas I. used to come here in the early morning, attended by a domestic carrying a glass, in order to drink from this fountain a draught perhaps as beneficial as those mineral ones which other lands produce.

It may be that these then young princesses have since thought of the young girl weeping at the stone Fountain of the Broken Pitcher. To how many, whose young hopes would have drawn long and deeply from this earth's fount, has the pitcher appeared to be broken precisely when it was filled!

A STRANGE FAMILY.

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor ought so good but strained from that fair use
Revols from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itfurns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.

Romeo and Juliet.

THERE was once a time when every one who paid attention to the forms of vegetable life which cover hill and dale with such profusion, acted solely under the belief that each plant contained a remedy for some particular disease. Although we can now afford to smile at the strange properties which these old herbalists consequently attributed to plants entirely undeserving of the honour: although we do not believe with Gerard that 'when the weasel is to fight with the serpent, she armeth herself by eating rue against his might,' or that 'rosemary giveth speech unto them that are possessed of the dumb palsy'; yet it is not the less true that there are groups of plants distinguished by powers as wonderful as the fables of the twilight of scientific knowledge. Some of these remind us of the awful phenomenon occasionally revealed to us in history, of a family pre-eminent in crime and cruelty, whose career is one dark story of lust and murder, and whose name survives in the hatred and abhorrence of posterity. Others, again, the friends and benefactors of mankind, have satisfied the hunger or quenched the thirst of grateful nations through all time. It is, however, to a family that comes under both these classes—one that at the same time is prolific in poisons, and supplies part of the daily food of millions—that we would at present direct the attention of those who feel an interest in the wonders of creation. And we doubt whether any division of the vegetable world could be selected which would be found more replete with interest.

Science has given to a well-defined class the name of *Solanaceæ*, or nightshade-worts, from the solanum or nightshade, one of its members; and it states, as a general characteristic, the energy of the narcotic principle residing in the juices of the roots, leaves, and fruits, though of course subject to modifications in each species. The only representatives of the Solanaceæ native to England, are poisonous in a fatal degree; but as they present no peculiarities in the mode of operation, it will be sufficient simply to name them as useful to the student in giving him an idea of the characteristics of the whole order. We find in our hedges and woods two nightshades (*Solanum*), one with purple, and the other with white flowers—the deadly nightshade or dwale (*Atropa Belladonna*), with dark purple bell-shaped flowers and shining black berries; and the henbane (*Hyoscamus niger*), with large blossoms of a dusky yellow, exquisitely pencilled with purple lines.

The first plant, however, over which we would wish to linger is one of the *atropas*, which has been rendered celebrated by the strange superstitions of which it has been the object. We allude to the mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*). This flower is indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean; it presents to our view a tuft of dark shining leaves a foot long, and a flower of a dull white, veined delicately with violet, succeeded by a round ruddy fruit of a pleasant odour. But the remarkable part of the mandrake lies under ground. The root, which is often four or five feet long, is of a reddish colour, and, as it usually divides half-way down into two or three branches, sometimes assumes a singular likeness to the human body. The fruit of the plant was supposed to be useful in cases of barrenness. Allusion is made to this in the story of Jacob; and the same idea still prevails in Greece. In the middle ages, this vegetable mimicry of the human form gave rise to singular superstitions, no doubt increased by the highly coloured narratives of pilgrims and crusaders. By these accounts, a kind of animal life is attributed to the mandrake; shrieks of pain were elicited from it by violence; madness fell upon any who heard those weird cries; and certain death awaited the man bold enough to pull it by the roots. It was also pretended by the quacks who sold the roots, that they were charms against all mischief; and to enhance their value, they declared that they grew only under gibbets from the flesh of the criminals which fell thence to the ground. Shakespeare has availed himself with his wonted skill of some of these wild fancies:

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

And again:

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to bear.

It is but justice, however, to the Elizabethan age to state, that Dr Turner wrote at some length to expose these errors, and stated that he had himself dug up roots without receiving harm or hearing any noises. Modern science recognises the mandrake as a dangerously narcotic plant; which is, however, useful as an anodyne, when administered with care by an experienced hand. The fruit is said to be exhilarating, and to be a favourite food of the Arabs.

When we consider the next plant to which we shall devote any space, we shall be struck by the wonderful provisions of an all-wise Creator for the sustenance of those dependent upon his bounty. Who-ever looks cursorily at the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*),

and remarks its dark leaves, its dull lurid flowers, and its fetid smell, recalling to his mind the wild nightshade of our hedges, would at once pronounce that the herb was dangerous, and certainly unfit for food. His judgment would not deceive him, as the plant is really highly poisonous; and it is only under a modified form that a portion of it becomes so valuable as food as almost to rival the produce of the cereals. It is very generally supposed that the tuber, which we eat, is a deposit of feculæ or nourishing matter in the fibres of the root; this, however, is a mistake, as it really is an underground branch in a changed and swollen state. We shall be convinced of this when we consider that the so-called eyes of the potato are true buds, which, upon the tuber being buried in the earth, in favourable conditions of warmth and moisture, are developed into branches; and this, indeed, is the familiar way in which the gardener propagates the plant. This very useful vegetable came originally from America, but it is uncertain from what part. It has been found growing wild on the mountains of Chili, and recently on the peaks of Mexico; but it was from Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. Its range of cultivation is very great, extending from Iceland to the tropics; it must be remembered, however, that in the latter regions it requires height of position, and flourishes only when about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Nor is the potato the only member of this class that appears upon our table; although we can only name a few condiments and esculents of less importance. Such are the capsicum, which furnishes a piquant fruit familiar to us in the form of Cayenne-pepper; the tomato or love-apple (*Lycopersicum esculatum*), associated for ever with the imperishable memory of Mr Pickwick and the great marriage case; the egg-apple (*Solanum melongena*), the long purple fruit of which is daily seen in the markets of Paris, and forms a favourite dish of the Anglo-Indian.

Very different, however, from these tempting aids to the palate is the fruit of the apples of Sodom (*Solanum Sodomeum*), so famous for their fair outward show and their rotten core. This favourite of the poets grows abundantly on the desert shores of the Red Sea; it has rough, divided leaves, handsome purple flowers, and a smooth golden shining fruit, the flesh of which is at first firm and of a bitter taste, but afterwards decays into the dry, ash-like substance which disappoints the expectant traveller.

We shall notice only one more member of this interesting family, the history of which furnishes us with one of the most extraordinary instances of the imitative faculty in man ever exhibited. Without entering into the vexed question of the effects of tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) upon the habits and manners of an age, we may observe, that its adoption as an indulgence was in direct violation of the usual law of progress. The habit of smoking its leaves, instead of having first prevailed among civilised nations, and so extended to the more barbarous, has, on the contrary, been borrowed from the actual savage, and from thence ascended to the most exalted ranks of the most refined society. Great doubt rests upon its native country; but it is certain that the Americans first applied it in the way so well known now: they themselves called the plant *petun* and *yati*; but Europeans have adopted the name from their clay-pipes (*to-bacco*). It is a popular superstition that Sir W. Raleigh first introduced it into England; but Camden gives the palm of priority to a Mr Ralph Lane, while others contend for the claims of Sir F. Drake. It is well known what opposition it met with at the hands of governments, and how, nevertheless, in an incredibly short time it spread over the whole world.

This is but a glance at a truly strange vegetable

family; but to many of our readers it may be a suggestive one, and to many more it will recall the quaint but fine verses of Cowley:

If we could open and inbend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity.

POPULAR PUPPETS.

The mention of popular puppets will no doubt conjure up in all minds the image of a certain hook-nosed and crook-backed gentleman, who beats his wife, and kills his children, and everybody else who comes in his way, for the amusement of our street-population, and whose misdeeds are laughed at, not reprobated, probably because in the end he makes away with the very spirit of evil himself. But though friend Punch has ever played a prominent part among popular puppets, and has, indeed, in our country become nearly the sole representative of the race, it is not our intention to treat of any individual puppet, however great a favourite, but of the fortunes of the tribe in general.

Although, in a previous article on the subject of puppets, we have maintained that the history of these wooden actors presents three phases—the hieratic, the aristocratic, and the popular—it must not be supposed that these have been regularly successive: on the contrary, the various phases have imperceptibly melted into each other, and most probably in modern Europe the popular character of puppets was never at any period entirely absorbed in the ecclesiastical; and the fairs, and villages, and public streets of the middle ages have had their humble and profane puppet-shows descended in direct line from those of the ancients, and entirely distinct from the ecclesiastical exhibitions mentioned in our previous article. However, eschewing all deep antiquarian research on the subject, we shall rest contented with taking up their history at a later period, when mysteries and miracle-plays, as a general rule expelled from the churches, were taken up by various brotherhoods; and the *motion-man*, with his theatre on his back, and his wooden actors in a bag, traversed the country from one end to the other, representing in every parish, at all seasons, and at a very small cost, the subjects performed by the living actors, at stated seasons, and in large cities only; and also reproducing in miniature the pageants and May-games which at certain periods of the year formed the delight of the people.

Through these latter—in which the heroes of the popular ballads always played a conspicuous part—Robin Hood, Maid Marion, Little John, and all the personages belonging to that cycle, were introduced on the puppet-stage in England; as also the giants Gog and Magog, and the hobbyhorses, which, in spite of the people's affection for them, were suppressed towards the middle of the reign of Elizabeth as 'damnable relics of paganism'; and the Moorish, or Morrice-dancers, as the popular pronunciation would have it, who from the earliest times performed in the pageants, and who took so firm a hold on the popular taste, that Hawkins tells us, in his history of music, that but very shortly previous to the period at which he was writing, a Moor, dancing a saraband, was an obligatory personage in every puppet-show. It was probably out of deference for this taste that Punch and Judy danced a saraband in the ark, in the puppet-show of the Creation, followed by the Deluge, mentioned in

the *Tatler*, as having been considered very instructive for young people; for puppets have never been afraid of anachronisms, and ever since his appearance in the country, Mr Punch has indeed mixed himself up with every event of antediluvian as well as postdiluvian history, thus shewing his own belief in the very ancient origin ascribed to him by the learned.

When, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the acting brotherhoods began to intermix their miracle-plays, which were the precursors of the historic drama, with moralities, which may in like manner be said to have been the forerunners of modern comedy, the puppet-players at once adopted the innovation—no difficult matter for them, who, with the conjuring powers of a knife and a piece of stick, could at any given moment swell the number of their troupe to any amount required; and thus Perverse Doctrine, Pride, Gluttony, Vanity, Humility, and Piety, and all the other vices and virtues, which were personified and played their parts in the moralities, had their antetypes in the puppet-shows—public opinion singling out, in anticipation of friend Punch, the Old Vice, or Old Iniquity, standing character in the moralities, as its prime favourite. Again, when about a century later, the great revolution in dramatic literature took place, which substituted for the moralities, masks and interludes, until then in fashion, tragedy and comedy under their modern form, the repertory of the motions, as puppet-shows were then still called, underwent the changes of the day, without, however, entirely abandoning their ancient favourites. In the new *genre*, also, the wooden actors seem to have approved themselves no mean rivals of the living ones; for various writings of this and subsequent periods contain bitter complaints against the puppet-players, for poaching in the preserves of the legitimate drama, even the stately muse of tragedy being made to stalk their mimic stage.

But let it not be supposed that at this period puppets were still exclusively houseless vagrants, strolling from village to village, and from fair to fair, without a local habitation of their own, and giving their performances in the open air. Far from it. They were now installed in permanent theatres, not only in the most populous localities of the city of London, but in many provincial towns. The puppet-theatres of Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street were in high repute during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and those of Eltham and Brentford were so renowned, that they drew crowds of visitors even from the capital; while on the other side, grave provincials came up to London, more especially to visit the puppet-shows. These last were indeed so generally accounted one of the most agreeable recreations of the gentry, that Phantaste, in Ben Jonson's comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, mentions them as among the greatest pleasures a woman in any condition of life could desire to enjoy. Even as late as 1712, Arbuthnot includes the love of puppet-shows among the characteristic traits of the Londoners; and a writer in No. 377 of the *Spectator* bears similar testimony to the prevalent taste, when, in making a list of places where people are likely to come by a violent death, and enumerating the accidents that have occurred there, he mentions 'Lysander smothered to death at a puppet-show.'

The puppet-shows referred to in this latter case, were no doubt those of a certain Mr Powell, who, having attained a great reputation at Bath, had removed to London, and established a theatre in Covent Garden, where Punch and Judy, in company with Dr Faustus, according to the *Tatler*, threw into the shade the new Italian opera in the Haymarket, and drew away the most fashionable part of its audience—Mr Punch in particular proving, in the eyes of the fair sex, a most dangerous rival to the Italian singer Nicolini. Alas! poor Punch! how is he fallen from

his high estate! What fashionable belle ever casts a glance at him now, when his shrill tones announce his presence at the corner of some street, where his audience is generally composed of ragged urchins and idle nurse-maids, though now and then witty statesman or a humorous man of letters may stop and enjoy a laugh against all the rules of conventionality!

The exact date of Punch's arrival in England is probably difficult to ascertain, as the learned differ on the subject, some saying that he came in with William of Orange by way of the Hague, others maintaining that he arrived here long before, direct from Italy. At all events, Italian puppets were already known in England under Henry VII.; and Chalmers, in his account of the early English stage, quotes a letter from the privy council of 14th July 1573, addressed to the lord mayor of London, authorising him to allow some Italians to exhibit their 'strange motions' in the city. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, French puppets also were established in London. Indeed, there seems in those days to have been as great an interchange among nations of these wooden artists, as there is in the present day of their living prototypes; for English puppets visited France, and Germany was at one time not only inundated with English, French, Italian, and even Dutch and Spanish actors, but the foreign puppets followed in the wake of these, to the great detriment of the wooden performers of indigenous growth, of which there had always been a goodly supply. Italy, the native land, it may be said, of modern puppetry, must, indeed, at a very early period have sent her puppet-players abroad, for at the commencement of the seventeenth century, already, all the *tiereros*—as they are there called—of Spain were Italians, and so likewise were the *bonifratres*, as the itinerant puppet-show men of Portugal are called; retaining in this name a smack of their ecclesiastical origin, which is further evinced in the monkish dress they almost invariably use there as well as in Spain. Italian exhibitors of puppets have even been met with in Siberia and among the Cossacks of the Don. So great, however, has ever been the affinity between the spirit of puppets and that of the nations among whom they have taken up their abode, that the foreign nationality of their exhibitors has never prevented puppet-shows from being thoroughly national wherever they have appeared. Thus, we find that at the period we have alluded to in Spain, as well as subsequently, when all Spanish cities also had their regularly established puppet-theatres, the subjects represented were not Italian, but thoroughly Spanish, and Pulcinella, though naturalised under the name and title of Don Cristoval Pulichinella, was thrown completely into the shade by the personages borrowed from the popular ballads of Spain, such as Moorish and Christian knights, giants and sorcerers, hermits and saints, the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, and the truly national bull-fights. Even when treating classical subjects, it seems that Spanish puppets know how to infuse into them the national spirit. A French traveller in Spain in 1808, tells of having been present at Valencia at a puppet representation of the death of Seneca, who having been a native of Cordova, had a right to appear on so national a theatre. In the puppet-show, as in history, the famous philosopher was represented as being put to death by order of Nero, by having the veins of his arms opened while in a warm bath. The streams of blood which were made to flow from his arms by means of red ribbons, are said to have given universal satisfaction; but what most delighted the pious subjects of his most Catholic majesty, was to see the heathen philosopher carried up to heaven in the midst of fireworks, and to hear him pronounce there a recantation of his pagan errors, and a declaration of Christian faith in the orthodox form.

In like manner, in Germany puppets adapted themselves to the metaphysical and cosmopolitan tendencies of the national mind. But the place held by puppets in the theatrical history of Germany has been so peculiar and so important, that it merits more than the passing notice we should here be able to give it; and therefore we shall pass at once from Germany to France. Need we say that France, the home of light-hearted gaiety, wit, and parody, excelled at all times in puppet-shows; for the progress made in this, as in all other arts, is in proportion to the encouragement given, and the appreciation met with. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Paris had already its permanently established puppet-theatres; and in 1649, Polichinelle—who, by the by, a French authority declares, is not an offshoot of the Italian race of that name, but a native of the country, in fact, nothing less than a modified type of the popular Béarnais, the galliard Henri IV.—in 1649, we say, Polichinelle had already attained to a degree of popularity that caused his name to be adopted by writers of political pasquinades against Cardinal Mazarin, and authorised them to place in his mouth such a vaunt as this: 'I may maintain, without vanity, Messire Jules, that I have always been more welcome to the people, and in higher consideration with them, than you; for how often have I not with my own ears heard them say: "Let us go and see Polichinelle;" but who has ever heard any of the people say: "Let us go and see Mazarin!"'

Brioche, the famous tooth-extractor and puppet-showman, mentioned in a previous article, and master of this very popular Polichinelle, is the first exhibitor of puppets in France whose name has been handed down to posterity. No doubt he was worthy of this distinction, for it seems that it was the witty sayings prompted by him that gained for his wooden dependents such great popularity. The public favour was, however, for a long time divided between Brioche's monkey Fagotin and Polichinelle; but Fagotin ultimately fell in a duel with a certain M. Cyrano de Bergerac, who mistook the disguised monkey for a lackey making a face at him, and against whom Fagotin valiantly drew his sword when attacked—a fact that made him even more renowned in death than he had been in life. No doubt, Fagotin had many successors; for up to late in the eighteenth century a monkey was as necessary an appendage to a puppet-show as a dog is in the present day; but with the exception of one, belonging to a certain Nicolet, and which has been celebrated in verse by M. de Boufflers, we know of none that has rivalled the fame of Brioche's Fagotin. After Brioche's death, the direction of his puppet-theatre devolved upon his son, who maintained its high reputation in spite of the numerous competitors which arose in course of time; and among which, not the least formidable was the so-called Theatre of the Pigmies, opened in the Marais du Temple in 1676. These pygmies—who from the puppet point of view ought rather to have been called brobdignags—were, according to the programme of their director, La Grille, 'what has never been seen before: human figures, four feet high, richly dressed, in very great numbers, who perform on a vast theatre pieces in five acts interspersed with music, ballets, flying-machines, and changes of scenery, and who declaim, walk, and gesticulate like living persons, without being held suspended.' But though La Grille took good care not to call his performances operas, the fact of their being so could not be concealed; and however much he might appeal to the wooden qualities of his actors, they were nevertheless legally adjudged to have trespassed on the privileges of the regular opera, and sentenced to cease their warblings.

The greatest triumphs achieved by Parisian puppets were won between the years 1701 and 1793, during

great part of which period they furnished parodies of all the productions of the French Opera, the Italian Theatre, the Théâtre Français, and the Opéra Comique, very often giving evidence in these of great literary acumen, and delicate yet telling irony; while they carried on a constant war with the *entrepreneurs* of those establishments, who, jealous of their success, sought to place all kinds of difficulties in their way. The repertory of the puppet-theatres was not, however, limited even to the wide field of parody which the regular theatres opened to them: they drew within their witty sphere every event, political or social, that occupied the public for the time being, and counted among their literary contributors Le Sage and other distinguished wits and literati of the day. But though allowed a liberty of speech far beyond any tolerated in living actors, puppets in France seem at last to have been placed under the same censorship that weighed upon the legitimate drama; and to this may perhaps be attributed the degeneracy which began to manifest itself in the puppet-shows at the commencement of the last half of the eighteenth century, when wit, parody, and satire were superseded by mere mechanical surprises and *pièces à grand spectacle*. The taste of the public seems, however, to have kept pace with this degeneracy; for the number of puppet-theatres in Paris went on augmenting up to the close of the century, and in 1793, large puppets, under the name of Pantagonians, and which were also exhibited in London, again made their appearance. Among the transformations for which these puppets were more especially famous, we have seen one mentioned in which the different limbs of a barrister were gradually detached, and transformed into so many clients—a trick which we have no doubt would be frequently repeated off the stage, were not the secret lost. These same Pantagonians performed in the Théâtre de la République a grand pantomime, entitled *Les Métamorphoses de Marlborough*. What these were, we do not know, but they may have been ugly enough.

Puppets outlived the storms of the Revolution in France, but not without bearing their share in its vicissitudes; for we learn from one of Camille Desmoulins' papers in *Le Vieux Cordelier*, that Polichinelle was guillotined during the Reign of Terror—a fact that makes us fear that he had been giving himself aristocratic airs. Indeed, how can it be wondered at that he should, when we consider the high patronage which he and his fellows had enjoyed for centuries in France. In the present day, however, the puppets of France are reduced, like their peers in England, to seek the suffrages of the sovereign people; and we are bound to state, that the great development attained by puppet-theatricals in England, Germany, and France at various periods, was in a great measure owing to the persecution, and, in the case of England, the actual interdict under which the regular drama and its votaries laboured at these periods; and that as soon as the latter were relieved from the heavy burdens and strong prejudices that militated against them, puppets sank into comparative insignificance.

In Italy, however, whether owing to its being the indigenous soil of modern puppets, or to the fact that an arbitrary censorship still weighs upon the regular theatres there, puppets are to this day in as flourishing a condition as they ever were at former periods in France, England, or Germany. Not a city but has one or more puppet-theatres, visited by all classes of society, and where you are not only enlivened by the wit and humour which have fled from the more regular establishments, but where the lovers of opera and ballet may feast their ears upon the master-works of Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi, and their eyes upon wooden Taglioni and Rosatis, whose pirolettes and *entrechats* surpass anything ever accomplished by human legs; and who, when bouquets are showered upon them, put

their little hands upon their hearts, and bow themselves out as gracefully as any of their flesh-and-blood rivals.

TALK UNDER THE STUARTS.

MONSIEUR GABRIEL DUGRES, of Saumur, 'teacher of the French tongue in the most illustrious and most famous university of Oxford,' published, in the year 1639, a hand-book of travel-talk for the benefit of Mr Hyde, Mr Hampden, or any other gentleman who might meditate performing the 'grande tour.' It consists of a series of dialogues, written not without a certain quaint humour, and containing much information as to the manners and customs of the day. It is on this account we select portions of the talk that have no special reference to the grand tour. The title of the book is *Dialogi Gallico-Anglico-Latini*, and it is dedicated to the Prince of Wales. A few years afterwards, it may have formed the pocket-companion of that 'sacred twig of the most holy tree that has ever flourished in this happy isle,' as he is styled by the author, who little foresaw how useful a knowledge of the French tongue would prove to the 'sacred twig,' and how well acquainted it was destined to become with the happy isle's hereditary foe.

In the first dialogue, we are introduced to 'a scholler, his land lord, and a teacher of the French tongue.'

The scholar commences: 'I desire much—I am very desirous. I have a great mind to lerne to speake French, English, Spanish, Italian, High-Dutch, Greek, Hebrew.' Not that he is likely to be such a *heltuo linguarum*, but the opportunity is a good one for teaching names.

The landlord informs the teacher that 'an outlandish gentleman' wishes to see him. The professor visits the 'scholler,' and they come to terms at once.

Scholar. What doe you take a moneth?

Master. Ten shillings a moneth.

'How many times a weeke will you teach me?'

'Once a day.'

'How long will you tarry with me?'

'An hour at a time.'

'What time of the day will you come? I would gladly bestow the morning upon my more serious studies.'

'I will come, then, after supper.'

'I think that time somewhat unseasonable,' &c.

Certainly any scholar of the present day would say so, but our meal-times have altered as much as tutors' charges.

The sixth dialogue is headed: 'Complements betweene him that inviteth and him that is invited before they sit at the table. The entertaining of one at table, and the complements they doe use in it.'

The 'complements' consist in refusing to take the place of honour till the host exclaims: 'Sir, the dinner is spoyley, the meat growes cold; sit downe, I pray you, for we doe the company wrong.' Then come deprecations of the dinner on the part of the giver, and the opposite on the part of the receiver; and we next observe that Englishmen were in the habit of asking for a cushion to sit upon, as appears by the exclamation of the host: 'I doe wonder very much that you English gentlemen can not sit without a cushion, and, nevertheless, run poste upon saddles as hard as iron.' The 'English gentleman' explains, that on horseback they are taking exercise, but on the chair they are sitting still, and so are afraid of catching cold. In the *Hand-book of Travel-talk* for 1856, there is no mention made of chair-cushions. Englishmen have grown hardy, and learned to dispense with such effemiancies.

Here is something curious about knives:

'Have you no knife?'

'I have forgot mine at home.'

'I doe renounce unto that gentility, for one looses many good bits for want of a knife.'

'Sweet heart, friend, can you lend me a knife? I will give it you back againe when I have done with it.'

'Here is one at your service, but it does not cut very well, and it is not very cleane.'

'It is good enough, I thanke you.'

The conversation then turns upon carving.

'I am a poore carver.'

'It is your modestie that makes you say so: we know you Frenchmen excell in that art.... In England, we leave that to women, if they be in the company; for as they sit in the upper end, so doe we give them the honour to let them take the paines to cut, and serve the meates; which is the cause that it is a rare thing to finde men which can cut and carve foule.'

'That is very true in families, but you have no women in your colledges, which keep you from learning to carve.'

'There needs no great cunning to carve a penie part, or a penie-halfe-penie part. As for I'latto his men, they are as seldome seen there as the eclipse of the moone.'

The carving commences, and calls forth the following remarks:

'Fie, fie, you must not tare the meat so with your hands, and touch it with your fingers. Take that little fork, and touch nothing at all with your fingers, or at least touch but the bit which you will eat, for you might offend and distast the others in handling the meat so slovishly.'

'It is not good to use so much ceremonie among schollers.'

'I doe confesse it: but it is good to use himself betimes to be polite, to handomesesse and neatnesse.'

Next comes a specimen of the conversation of the day:

'I can not take my meales as a dumb beast, which does nothing but chew and swallow downe without saying a single word.'

'Would you have the beasts to speak?'

'It is good for a Carthusian, or for an hermite that is shut up to say nothing when he dines. I would have my tongue to ply as well as my teeth.'

'Does it not work well enough when it tasteth the meats?'

'I do not meane it so. This hare is drier than a stone. I think that this goose is one of those which did awake the watch of the Capitolium, when as our Gauls went neare to take it; for it is harder than wood. Peradventure it is that which was in the arke of Noah.'

The tide of learning is stopped by a last lesson in good-manners:

'Dip the crust in the sauce, the gracie.'

'You have a good cook; but he has not spared for pepper; for it is so extreamly peppered that it burns my tongue.'

After eating follows drinking. 'Manner of drinking one to another: the sorts of wine.... Talkes ordinarily used in drinking, and in taverns,' &c.

'Come on; fill me some wine quickly.... This glasse is not cleane.... Rub it with water and salt, that it may be cleare and cleane.... Oh, sir! what doe you doe? You have not drunke all. You must empty the glasse. Turne it adowne, that I may see if there be anything left.... So they drinke in the palatinat, that there is not a drop left with which a fly might quench its thirst.'

'To whom have you drunke?'

'I have drunke to that gentleman.'

'Who has seenne you drunke? You must drinke one againe.'

'The French freedom is to be condemned in this, for it giveth every one leave to drinke as he thinketh good, at his discretion.'

'To whom shall we drinke now?'

'Let us drinke to this gentleman, his mistresses health.'

'Let us rather drinke to yours, for mine does not deserve that one should drink to her.'

'Why? Are you out of her favour?'

'No; but it is for some other reason.'

'You will not confesse. Come on, sir, to her that possesseth this gentleman's heart. To that faire Angel of Love, and that miracle of Beauty. To the most eminent over all those that are of the female kind.'

'Sir, you give her titles undeserved by her.'

'On the contrary, they are far below her merit: the admiration whereof must teach me some new language, to praise it according to its worth; or else, I must be content to reverence it with an humble silence, haveing no language able to expresse it.' And so forth.

Next comes some information about wines:

'Will you drinke a cuppe of sack. Vous plait il de boire un coup de vin d'Hespagne; in the Latin, poculum vini Hispanici.... It tasteth wonderfull. It is a cup of dainty wine. We drinke none so good in tavernes.'

'It is because they spoyle it. They doe sophisticate it, and mingle it in tavernes. Goe, and draw a pinte of Muscadene.'

'Halfe a pinte will be enough; or a quartern of a pint.'

'What say you? We must drinke, carrousse, like Templars, like sponges.... I am almost drunke. I thinke that you will foxe; I begin to see double.'

'It is because that glasse is made of the metall of which are made the spectacles that multiply everythine.'

'You must need lead me home by the armes, as a young bride.' So ends the dinner.

'Shall we rise from the table?'

'We must drink the cup of charity, as they say.'

'Sir, you forgot to put up your knife. If it please you, I will teach you a way that you shall never fail to put it up. You must alwaies drink a cup after you have put it up, and so you shall never forget to put it up.'

'Sir, please you to take a pipe of tobacco?'

'Fie, what doe you speak to me of? I wonder much that you wil take that stinking smoak, that poisoned weed.'

'Ah, sir, you are much deceived.... It is the most soveraigne and physical heare in the world.'

Having acquired the French tongue, the scholar sets out on his travells. Crossing the Channel was a service of danger then.

'The whirl-winds, tempests, and stormes are very dangerous. The pyrates and robbers upon the sea are no lesse dangerous,' he is told. Nothing daunted, he proceeds to strike a bargain with a skipper.

'What shall I give you to carry me over into France?'

'Halfe a pistol—10s.'

'It is too much; I will give you foure francs—8s.'

'Sir, I will not carrie you over under a hundred sols, or five francks, an angell, or 10s.'

'Well, then, I will give you what you aske me.'

'Provide yourself with victuals before you goe upon the sea.'

'The going over is not long, as I believe?'

'It is but of halfe a day, if you goe from Dover to Calais; or of one day and of a night if you goe to take land, to aboard at Deeps.'

The ship sails and becomes becalmed. 'The sea is very calm; still wee doe not goe forward. We should need to have some rowers; but we have no oares, and we know not how to row.'

'I feare, lest after this calmenesse of the sea, wee have some sea storme, which may cast us upon some rock, or upon some sandie banck, and so our shippes may suffer shipwreck.'

After a while we find the travellers approaching the land, where they are carried ashore on the backs of the boatmen.

'Why doe you not carry us to land in your boat?'

'It is not the custome.'

'I see well that this is a plot to get mony. What must you have?'

'A card escu a man.'

'Halfe is enough, or five sous.'

Arriving at the hotel, they are greeted with, 'Gentlemen, will you be pleased to come this way? Excuse me if I goe afore you; it is to shew you the way,' on which the traveller makes a memorandum in his pocket-book: 'Servants are very courteous in this countrey.' He changes his money, and receives information as to the value of French coins. 'There is a denier, which is not worth halfe of one of your farthings; a double, which is worth two deniers; a liard, which is worth a double, and a denier. There be now but few liards in one pence. A Carolus is worth 10 deniers; a sol, 12 deniers; 5 French sols make even 6 English pence. A golden crowne is worth ten shillings; we call them also crownes at the Sunne. A pistole is worth 20 shillings, &c. I thinkke that this pistole is not good: where is the touchstone? Rubbe it a little upon your hayre, or upon your shooes, and if it be red, it is a signe that it is naughtie.' The tourist visits Rouen, and is astonished at the condition of French horses. 'Good Lord, how leane they be! You starve them. There is neither hay in the rack, nor oates in the manger. They will not be able to carry us three steps of the way.' Experience confirms his opinion. 'My armes are bruised, lamed, with the very beating of my horse. Hee will not goe neither for rod nor spur.' Fatigue sends him early to bed.

'Hearre you, is there nobody but I that lieth in this chamber?'

'There is a very honest gentleman that is to lie in it.'

'Do you know him very well?'

'Not very well.'

'How doe you know, then, that he is an honest man?'

'He looketh like one.'

'Intreat him to come to bed quickly,' &c. 'I have not slept well to-night. The fleas have tormented me so extreamly, that I could by no meanes sleep.'

From Rouen he goes to Paris. 'I doe intend to stay two or three weeks in Paris, to see the town, and the kings court; then I will goe to Orleans, for it is better and cheaper living there. From Orleans I will goe down by water in a boote as far as Saumur. And by the way, I will goe to the castles and the townes of Blois, Amboise, Tours.'

At Saumur he takes up his quarters, and is charged 'ten French crownes a moneth, three pound for diet, chamber, and washing.' He expostulates: 'It is much—it is fifteen shillings a week. We are very well in Oxford for nine or tenne shillings a weeke.'

'That may be true: but you must consider that we pay here a great deale more taxations than they doe in England. Moreover, you drinke alwayes wine here at your meales, whereas in Englannde they give you but beere.'

During his stay at Saumur, the tourist probably perfects himself in the language, for we hear no more of his travells. He learns all that is necessary for a gentleman to know. We find him at one time acquiring the art 'of dancing the cinque pace; of making a leg after the fashion to dance with the musick,' and incurring the reproof of his dancing-master: 'Stand upright with your body, and when you dance, stretch not so your breeches out.' At one time he is fencing, or having his beard cut 'with a pick-devant, shave all the hairs to the skin, and leave but a little spriggle, &c. This is as well as can be. My beard is cut well enough, but only here is a haire that goes over the other.'

At length he departs. And it were well if every English traveller of the present day deserved to be thus apostrophised by his host: 'Sir, I thanke you most humbly. Truly we have reason to remember you in your absence, for you have carried your selfe so honestly towards us, that we should be injurious to your name if we should not honour it with a perpetuall remembrance.'

COPYING BY LIGHT.

We have to propose to our readers, especially our fair ones, a scientific amusement of an elegant and inexpensive kind. We would teach them to make copies of pictures, engravings, maps, music, &c., by means of light, and according to a process which costs hardly anything beyond the price of the paper.

1. Having fixed upon the object to be copied, take a sheet of good paper, and spread solution upon one side of it composed of 60 grains of blue-stone or sulphate of copper, 30 grains of bichromate of potass, and 3 ounces of water. This composition should be spread upon the paper by means of a glass rod; or if you do not happen to have such a thing, any smooth phial will do as well.

Paper prepared with this solution is of a beautiful yellow colour; when dry, it is fit for use, and should be used as soon as convenient, for when kept long, it loses its sensibility. Place the prepared side of this paper against or upon the face of the picture to be copied, and allow the back of the picture to be exposed to the light; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, if it is a bright sunny day, you shall see—what you shall see. If the weather is dark and cloudy, you will have longer to wait, perhaps not less than half an hour; but having allowed it to remain exposed to the light for this time, if you take it into a room partly darkened, or with the blind drawn down, a very clear negative yellow picture will appear on the prepared paper. You must now pour a few drops of nitrate of silver solution on it, of the strength of half a dram to two ounces of water, and spread this quickly over by means of your phial or glass rod, and instantaneously a very beautiful and vivid red picture will make its appearance.

The back of the picture, however, having been exposed to the light, while the face was pressed against the prepared side of the paper, the objects copied will be formed in a contrary direction to that in the original, so that the part of the original picture situated at its right side will appear on the left side of the copy, and vice versa. This might be no great matter, as regards some pictures, but it is obvious that by such a process neither maps nor music could be copied. When necessary, however, as in the case of maps and music, the original may be exposed to the light, and the prepared paper pressed to the back, which would give the true position. But it is always desirable, when the subject admits of it, and more especially in the case of a thick engraving or picture, for its face to be pressed against the prepared paper, as in that case the copy is produced much sharper and more distinct than the other way.

To keep the picture well pressed against the prepared paper, a heavy piece of glass may be placed on the top, as the rays of light will not be at all lessened in their intensity by this arrangement.

These photographic pictures may be fixed by washing well in pure water, and when dry, a gloss may be given by spreading a little gum-water over the surface. So much for the process, and now for the cost. 60 grains of sulphate of copper, and 30 of bichromate of potass—the first solution—have hardly an appreciable pecuniary value, and indeed the chemist you deal with would not think of charging anything for so small a quantity of these substances; yet this solution will

be sufficient to take more than 200 copies. The second solution—half a dram of nitrate of silver—at four shillings per ounce, costs threepence, which, added to two ounces of water, and a few drops spread over the yellow negative picture, will be sufficient for between 50 and 100 pictures. As we have hinted, therefore, the expense of this elegant and useful amusement is, in reality, if we except the paper—which is cheap enough, you know—next to nothing at all. We may add, that the picture to be copied need not be taken out of the book, if it is in one: it is only necessary to place the prepared paper underneath its face, while the piece of glass laid upon its back will keep open the book, and allow access to the light.

II. *Another process.*—Make a solution composed of half a dram of nitrate of silver to two ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution over a sheet of paper by means of a glass phial. When dried in the dark, it is fit for use. Proceed precisely as in the above process, to copy the picture; and after being left exposed to the light for about five to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the picture, a *negative* picture will be found on the prepared paper, having the light part of the original dark, and the dark parts light. It now becomes the question how to turn this negative picture into a positive one, and this is effected in the following way: After the negative has been well washed in pure water, and fixed by passing it two or three times through a solution of common salt, it is ready, when dry, to print from. Prepare your sheet of paper in the same way as the other, and when dry, press its prepared side against the negative picture; then allow the back of the negative to be exposed to the light, and in a few minutes you will have obtained a fine positive picture, which can be fixed by passing it through a solution of common salt.

III. *Process for copying positive collodion portraits from glass on paper.*—Make a solution composed of half a dram of nitrate of silver to one and a half ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution, by means of a glass phial or rod, over a sheet of paper, which must then be put in a dark place till dry, when it is fit for use. The portrait or picture to be copied need not be taken out, but the back of the *passee-partout* merely opened. Sometimes liquid jet is employed for backing collodion pictures, but more commonly cotton velvet. If velvet, it can be removed, and a piece of the prepared paper, sufficient to cover the portrait, substituted, taking care that its prepared side be pressed against the collodion side of the portrait. Having done this, the face of the *passee-partout* may be exposed to the light, and in a few seconds the prepared paper at the back of the portrait will be seen to darken. When sufficiently dark, the *passee-partout* may be removed from the light, and the prepared paper taken off, when it will be seen to present a positive copy of the picture on the glass. To fix these impressions, just pass them once through a solution of common salt, and wash in pure water.

The expense of this process is hardly appreciable, since from 200 to 300 copies may be produced by half a dram of nitrate of silver, in one and a half or two ounces of water, the cost only threepence; two or three drops of which are sufficient for an ordinary sized portrait.

GLOSS FOR A HORSE'S COAT.

Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mine, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good one, but was always annoyed about his coat; it was more like a lot of bristles than a horse's smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get 'wouldn't do it no good.' My friend, who is a great horse-breeder and fancier, made me try giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat

out of my hand, betting me a basket of wine that he would have a good smooth coat in three weeks; and he was right, for I lost my wine—all but three bottles, which I drank myself—but got in return a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat for my horse, which I would not change for a dozen baskets, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible. If you think your readers would profit by it, you may publish this suggestion in that valuable *Spirit* of yours.—*American paper.*

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

PARTING FOR AUSTRALIA.

HERE, sitting by the fire,
I aspire, love, I aspire—
Not to that 'other world' of your fond dreams,
But one as high and higher,
Compared to which your real, unreal seems.

Together as to-night,
In the light, love, in the light
Of our completed joy we see no shade;
And from our hope's reached height
All things are possible and level made.

So do we sit and view
Clear as true, love, clear as true,
That wondrous valley over southern seas,
Where in a country new
Your hands make for me a sweet nest of ease.

Where I, your poor tired bird—
(Nothing stirred? Love, nothing stirred?)
May fold her wings and be no more distressed:
And troubles may be heard
Like outside winds at night, which deepen rest.

Where in green pastures wide
We'll abide, love, we'll abide,
And keep content our patriarchal flocks;
See leaping at our side
Our little brown-faced shepherds of the rocks,

Ah, tale that's easy told!—
(Hold my hand, love, tighter hold.)
What if this face of mine—you think it fair—
If it should ne'er grow old?
Nor matron cap cover this maiden hair?

What if this silver ring
(Loose it clings, love, yet does cling)
Should ne'er be changed for any other?—nay,
This very hand I fling
About your neck, should—Hush! To-day's to-day;

To-morrow is—ah, *Whose?*—
You'll not lose, love, you'll not lose
This hand I gave, if never a wife's hand
For tender household use,
Led by yours fearless into a far, far land.

Kiss me, and do not grieve:
I believe, love, I believe
That He who holds the measure of our days,
And did thus strangely weave
Our opposite lives together—to His praise!

He never will divide
Us so wide, love, us so wide:
But will, whatever chances, safely shew
That those in Him allied
In life or death are nearer than they know.